

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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CHRISTMAS GREETING
TO LAWSON

Put all insurance
proxies in your
possession on the
State House steps
by 11:15 tonight
OR ————!!!!



MERRY CHRISTMAS IN BOSTON.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN is n't in it with Lieut. Peary as a polar explorer. All he wired home for was \$500.

NEVERTHELESS and notwithstanding, the real magnetic Pole continues to be Paderewski.

IN THIS, his hour of adversity, Senator Depew might at least be spared the attentions of the Albany legislature. One Brackett has intimated that Depew will be asked to resign his senatorial seat, the inference being that he has betrayed his trust. It is true the genial New Yorker has been guilty of indiscretions, little matters which look not well in the lime-light, but considering the manner in which senators are made, and the company they travel in, it is not meet for Albany to be too shocked or surprised at Depew's defections. Albany knows, we think, how Senators are chosen, and who really chooses them. If not, Albany's reputation is an error of long standing, and it is a pure, simple-souled, ingenious little town, incapable of comprehending the ways of politics. Should it follow Brackett's suggestion and ask for Depew's resignation, it will hint that Depew, as a senator, was not all that he ought to have been. Whereas, in point of fact, he was only what one would expect him to be; put where he was by the grace of a party boss and the state "Big Business." A stream does n't rise above its source; and neither does a senator.

"WHAT ARE we doing for the Filipino?" asks a writer in Public Opinion. Why, benevolently assimilating him, are n't we?

HAD SECRETARY BONAPARTE, instead of Dr. Holmes, been its author, the poem, "Old Ironsides," would doubtless read like this:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down,
Stout hawsers firmly tie,
Then hail a pair of deep-sea tugs,
And tow her out to die.
She's old, she leaks, she's out-of-date;
All crumbling is her wood;
A target—that's for all she's fit,
So give it to her good!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
With age is faded white;
You'd never guess the sum it costs
To keep it caulked and tight.

Paint, oakum, oil—and all for what?
A water-logged old ark!
It's time we got some slight return,—
She'll make a lovely mark.



WILL HE GET WHAT HE WANTS?
No, HE WILL GET THE SAME AS USUAL.

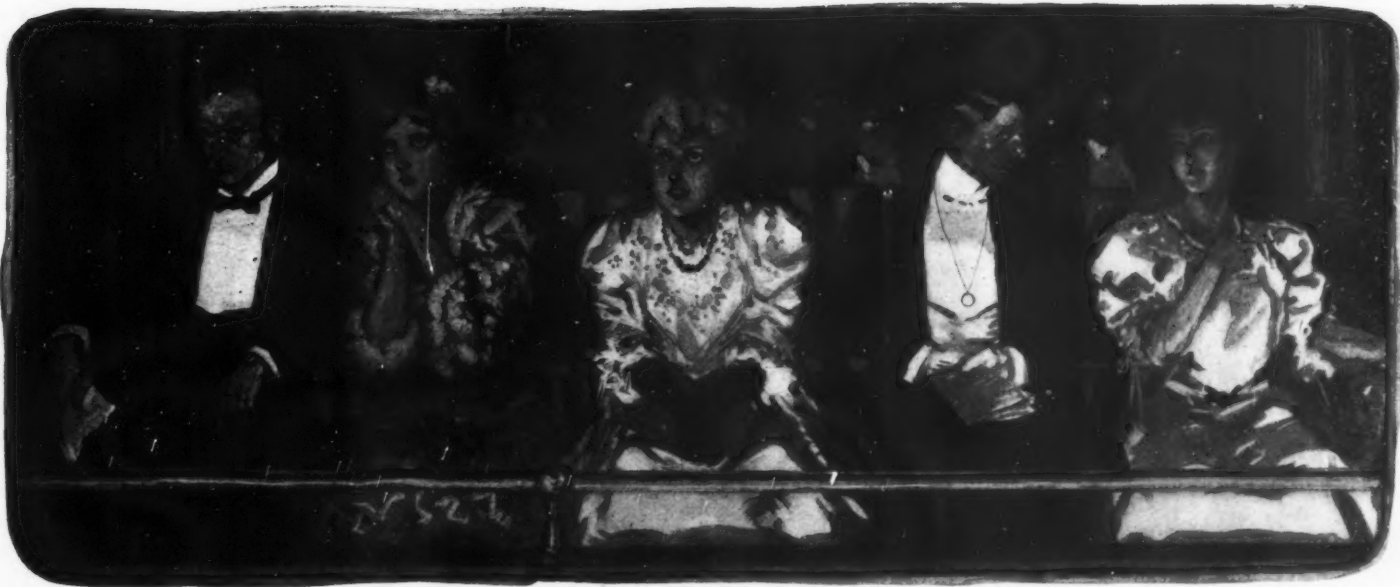
Far better that her shattered bulk
Should help our coast defence
Than be a dock-moored derelict,
An eyesore, an expense.
Nail to her mast a bull's-eye black,
Cast off the lines ahead,
And rend her rotten sides with steel,
With iron and with lead!

GREAT BRITAIN now wears a "C.-B." ministry. It's a straight-front.

WHAT HAS football to do with a student's "sphere of usefulness?" To begin with, a football is n't even a sphere.

SAVE THE frigate Constitution! Save the big trees of California! Save Niagara Falls! Don't think you have discharged your full duty as an American when you have saved your cigar labels.

PUCK



THE LOVE SCENE.

GENEROSITY.

REPORTER.—It has been your custom to give each of your employees a suit of clothes on Christmas; will you do so this year?
BEEF KING.—Well, no. I will admit that I may be going the limit, but this Christmas I intend to give each of them a beefsteak.

FATE.

THEY met. Though perfect strangers,
 They instantly stood still,
 For he was a lady-killer,
 And she was dressed to kill.



INSTEAD OF BELOW.

ORTHODOX OLD LADY.—Danger above!! Oh, this Higher Criticism is getting to be scandalous.

WHAT THE POETS HAVE SAID OF IT.

SOPHOCLES: "Football loves to seek its victims in the young."
MILTON: "Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than football."

DRYDEN: "All delays are dangerous in football."

ADDISON*: "My voice is still for football."

SHAKESPEARE: "Grim-visaged football."

SHERMAN: "Football is hell!"

* Compare T. Roosevelt.

IN WASHINGTON.

SANTA CLAUS.—That large, white house is the next stop.

REINDEER.—I suppose it's all right this time, as we are calling in our official capacity, but all the same I'm glad you're along.

THE INVINCIBLE.

WITH the goose-bone, the corn-husks, squirrel fur and the like, it looks as if we were going to have a pretty hard winter," we suggested, with our natural inclination to take the optimistic view.

The Oldest Inhabitant sniffed superiorly.

"Young man," he said, with conscious rectitude, "I can remember right now a harder winter than this one even dares to think of being."

Then we were discreetly silent, realizing, of course, the truth of the dictum that true greatness only exists in the past.

"NO," SAID the literary critic, "I never read the books I review, so that I am never influenced in what I say about them."

Had They Been Born Sooner.—I.



FRENCH COURTIER.

JAMES HAZEN HYDE.

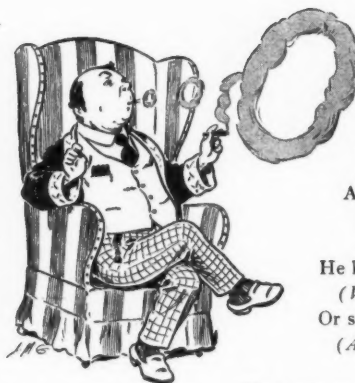
It would seem that the public like especially to be humbugged with something having plenty of alcohol in it.



THINGS THAT BEAT

THE DEVIL.—Now I know what they mean by hell on earth. I'm certainly getting some warm ideas.

JOKELESS.



H, Christmas time is here again,
(With a pay money o! and an I owe money!)
With its "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
(And the Christmas joke is funny.)

She has bought him a box of cigars to smoke,
(With a pay money o! and an I owe money!)
At least she does in the Christmas joke—
(And the Christmas joke is funny.)

He has bought her an album of plush and gold
(With a pay money o! and an I owe money!)
Or so in the Christmas joke, we're told,
(And the Christmas joke is funny.)

Have you ever seen the funny things
(With a pay money o! and an I owe money!)
The joke man writes and the poet sings?
(And the Christmas joke is funny.)

To make short tale, as Malony saith,
(With a pay money o! and an I owe money!)
The Christmas joke is done to death
(And the Christmas joke is funny.)

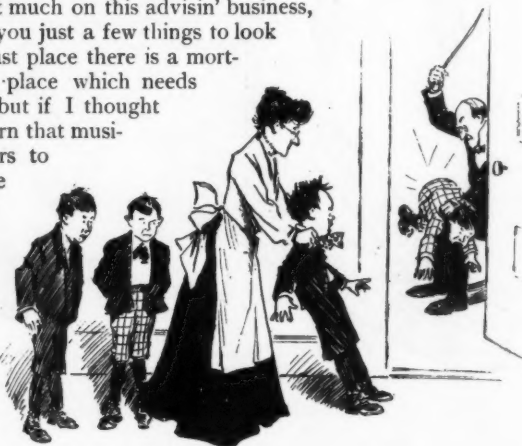
F. P. Adams.

A BRILLIANT talker will throw about as much light on a subject as the next man, possibly, but it is mostly in the form of sparks.

SON WHIFFLETREE'S DEPARTURE.

"You are going to the city, my son," said old Farmer Whiffletree, pausing in the shade of the water tank to say good-bye.
"Yes-siree," responded the proud youth, lifting his manly head and looking the old man in the eye.

"Well, I ain't much on this advisin' business, but I want to tell you just a few things to look out fer. In the fust place there is a mortgage on the old place which needs liftin' pretty bad, but if I thought you would ever turn that musical talent of yours to grindin' out those 'Old Apple Tree' songs and givin' up all the family secrets fer some spike-tailed dude to sing in front of the piano, why that mortgage kin just stick where it be.



"Another thing, my boy, I want you to look out fer, and that is the drinkin' business. Nowadays they serve booze in most everything, from penurious cocktails to plum-pudding. Ef you ever feel the impulse to touch liquor, I would a

PUTTING HIM NEXT.

PUCK



blamed-sight rather you would go into some respectable bar and get as drunk as a biled owl, than I would to hev you fill up your room with a lot of bottled nostrums, which only create kidney consciousness and put hob-nails on yer liver just as quick. If you must go the liquor route, it would be a satisfaction to me to know that you died game and did n't fall for any of this false alarm stuff.

"Now, George, you will find a lot of ways to make money in the city. You kin make it just as fast or just as slow as you please fer a few years, and then you are either in jail or out of it. I've been studyin' this financial proposition over considerable lately, readin' them frenzied articles and testimony from some of these life insurance fellers, and I've about decided that there are two kinds of stealin'. Now, George, if you ever come to the point where you've got to get a pile of money in a hurry, I don't want you to take up any of them

high finance games. What I would rather have you do would be to go out and get a couple of feet of gas pipes and lay in some dark alley till you have accomplished your purpose. I could shake hands with you through the bars then with some degree of respect.

"There is just one more thing I want to call yer attention to, and that is this tippin' business. When you get a job and begin to make a little money, don't get headstrong and think it's up to you to show off. When you get your thirty-cent's-worth of food at the restaurant, don't hand the man a quarter just because he's thar with his mitt out. You will discover ef you begin this practice that you are trying to support a large and casual contingent of undesirable acquaintances. Don't try to create astonishment in your vicinity by giving your money away, because the man right next to you is only wondering how he kin help being as big an ass as you are. Ef



COMFORTING.

FEMININE PESSIMIST.—Could anything be worse than this?
MASCULINE OPTIMIST.—Yes; if it was n't raining, there would be such a cloud of dust.



THE NATURAL RESULT.

"You say that young Smithers inherited that glassy stare and wooden manner? Why, I knew his parents and they were n't a bit like that."
"I know; but he was two months in an incubator when a baby."

you want to tip anybody's mitt in a real honest way, just remember that your dad has n't got sech big callous spots on his hands yet but what he kin hold onto a quarter and put it some place where it will do some good.

"These are jest a few little things I want to call your attention to, my boy. I think you are going out to make a good, old-fashioned, honest living, but if you must fall down doing it, remember that your father has his preferences in the matter and will still be able to bear up with considerable pride if you fall the right way."

Robert C. McElravy.

WISE.

THE good fairy brought an ingot of lead and an ingot of gold and laid them down before him. "Choose!" she said, simply.

The child thought a moment, and chose the lead.

"It's no heavier to carry, it's just as good to eat, and it won't make everybody hate me!" quoth he.

The good fairy laughed.

"You can be happy without any help from me," she chirped, and flew away.

IN 1910.

FRESHMAN.—How did the football game turn out?
SOPHOMORE.—Oh, there was nothing to it. Chesterfield, our half-back kept saying "Pardon, may I pass," so fast that the other team could n't get in words enough to score a point.

If it is indeed a wise son who knoweth his own father, on the other hand, it is an unfashionable mother who is dead sure of her own baby.

PUCK



PARESIS.

SENATOR WAMPUM.—What! Senator Grabbitt insane? Where was he stricken?

SENATOR TRUSTY.—In the Committee room. He began to jabber something about "the public interests" and "the people's welfare." It was heart rending.

CLOTHES.

LIFE IS rapidly resolving itself into a constant struggle not to look like painfully handsome men in the fashion plates.

It is getting to be a question of the survival of the unfittest. For some time man has been degenerating from a fur bearing into a clothes bearing animal. Proper allowance being made for variations in size, he is all built on one pattern. It used to take nine tailors to make a man. Now one tailor makes a thousand men.

Clothes should be worn only for two purposes: To protect us from the idle gossip of the weather

bureau, and to conceal the seat of the brain, usually located in the stomach. Any other purposes than these are superfluous.

Ornamental clothes, however, are now more or less epidemic. Ornamental clothes originated in France and receiving a fresh impetus from the court of Queen Elizabeth when that leading lady was a matinee idol, gradually spread as far as Wichita, Kansas, where some of the latest effects in Chesterfield coats can now be seen.

In Rome the toga was the proper thing, no inauguration ball being complete without a full set of them. A Roman senator

clad only in a toga and a neat but not gaudy suit of union linen underwear could thus take a bath during the noon hour without losing too much time from the exchange. Now, however, by the time one

of our senators should divest himself of his frockcoat and waistcoat, his spotless linen shirt and his money belt, the price of securities might drop ten points.

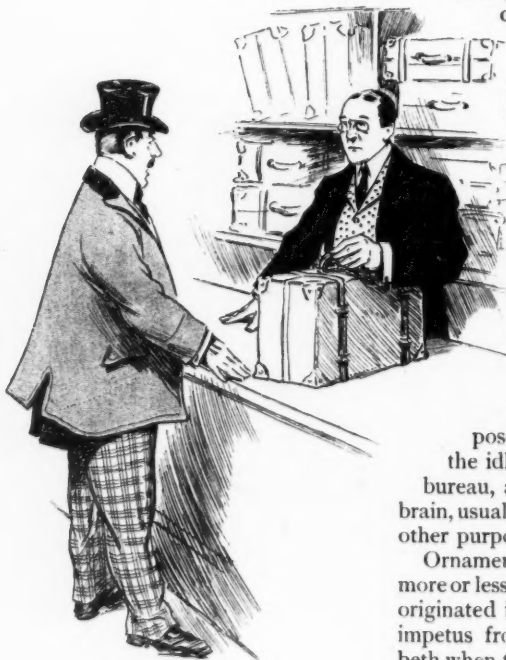
We are a simple people in everything except clothes—and simplicity. Somebody discovered that the more clothes we have, the more money can be spent on them—hence our wardrobes of to-day. No gentleman now prevails who doesn't have at least one wardrobe. Some of us indeed are leading double wardrobe lives. In these days we must do either one of two things: Dress well, or go naked. There is no middle course.

The advantages of going naked are evident to all. It gives us a frank open bearing toward our neighbors. It saves time. It is economical. It is healthy and it keeps us from being bald.

In a comparatively few generations by pursuing this natural life we should be able to raise all our own furs—for export only. Thus all our at present useless members of society—poets, historical novelists, United States Senators, enterprising beauty doctors, insurance presidents, etc., could contribute something really worth while to posterity. The pelts of political bosses properly cured and purified might become a real article of commerce.

This is, however, at present merely a Utopian dream. However much our modesty may shrink from concealing ourselves from our friends and neighbors, Providence and the tailors have decreed otherwise. We must continue to dress in the latest style. Otherwise no lady will get up and give us a seat.

Tom Masson.



TWO GRADES.

"I want three dress-suit cases at once. I'm in a hurry!"

"About how good? Is it a case of marriage or murder?"



WORSE THAN A POST.

THE USHER.—Madame, the gentleman in back of you complains that he can't see the stage. Will you kindly remove your large wings.

IN VINO VERITAS.

MY life, she met me at the door,—
Not looking I for trouble,
But looking still, I saw my life,
And lo! My life was double.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

"I LOVE my love in the morning," sang the young man, ardently.
"Huh!" exclaimed her younger brother; "you hain't never seen her in the morning yet."

THE TARIFF ON ART.

WHAT SECRETARY SHAW THINKS ABOUT IT.



FULLY convinced that the tariff on art, against which the leading artists of America are protesting, is an unmixed blessing, and that its removal would deluge our artistic land with the pauper product of Europe, Puck recently sought confirmation of his views from Secretary Shaw.

While admitting that the revenue derived from the tariff on art was insignificant, Secretary Shaw maintained that morally the tax was an uplifting thing.

"At present," he said, "the old masters of Europe are prevented not only from shipping their product to this country to compete against our higher-priced labor, but they cannot come over here and compete in person. Instead of revising the tariff it would be wiser to increase the effectiveness of our immigration laws."

"How about free artist materials, Mr. Secretary?"

"There you can quote me as liberal," he replied, "and that disposes of the charge that I am an uncompromising stand-patriot. I would be willing to admit raw paint, blank canvases, brushes and palettes at a very low tariff rate, but I would continue to protect American old master labor."

"Our export trade in old masters, I understand, Mr. Secretary, exceeds our import trade."

"Greatly, sir, greatly. One factory in New Jersey alone employs over a thousand skilled old masters, who would be to a man thrown out of employment if this tax were removed. The Cohoes Rembrandt Works is running night and day, and enjoying a large measure of prosperity. In my own state of Iowa the Frans Hals Art Emporium is just starting, and deserves protection."

"How about the counter-charge, Mr. Secretary, that American old masters sell their product cheaper in Europe than in this country?"

"That, sir, is only a surplus product."

The Secretary went on to say that he had received strong protests against removing the tax from all the correspondence schools of art in this country. He had also heard from the Amalgamated Order of Landscape Artists, who pointed out that pauper Europe could ship over here barns and boulders as cheaply as the American artist could paint these rural objects.

"Besides," said Mr. Shaw in conclusion, "pickled hides are taxed—why should n't old masters be?"



BEDLAMIC.

"Now, dar was Brudder 'Dolphus Squallop and Sistah Gladys Squallop, his wife," ruminatingly said old Deacon Brownback, "two as nice folks as yo' 'most ever witnessed, take 'em by deirse'fs; but mixed and mingled in de convolutions of de family relation, muh suzz, dey sho'ly resides togedder like cats across a clothesline. Yo' never seed such inequality in all yo' life!"

"Brudder 'Dolphus snores so loud dat he wakes de twins, de twins yells so loud dey wakes Brudder 'Dolphus, Brudder 'Dolphus swats 'em, Sistah Gladys rises up and p'intedly tells him who he is and what about it, he promptly recompenses her, and as dey are about evenly matched for size and locality, dey goes round and uh-round de rest of de night, and in so doin' decomposes de most of de furniture, and next day needer of 'em is any 'count for work. And dat's de way it goes on. Taken alone dey am pow'ful fine folks as I says, but in de midst of de matrimonial stew dey am a heap like some o' dese yuh white powdahs in de druggerysto'—hahmless twell yo' stir 'em up togedder, and den plumb pizonous."

Tom P. Morgan.

THE AGE OF LUXURY.

THE cost of living has increased,
As everybody is aware;
But
Sometimes it seems this is the least
Of burdens that we have to bear,
For
With football games and motor cars
Both costing more to have or view,
Why,
We find—Alas, the knowledge jars!—
The cost of dying 's higher, too.

W. L. W.

INSULT.

"You lie in your throat!" hissed the mysterious black knight, in the grand opera.

The villagers drew back and regarded their patron with affrighted glances.

"A most deadly insult!" they whispered, one to another. "For if there 's anything our dear lord prides himself on, it 's his chest tones."

REJOICING.

I SAT behind a theater hat,
And as I heard the way
The actors talked, how glad I was
I could n't see the play.

NAME.

"WELL, the congregation have become so fashionable that they won't stand for the old name any longer. They want something modern."

"What will they call it?"

"I don't know, but I should think the church of the Holy Limit would be about right."



A HOLIDAY PRECAUTION.

SANTA CLAUS.—I believe in being up-to-date, but in case something should happen to the machine, I brought along Donner and Blitzen.

Do your Christmas shopping before it does you.

ALAN-A-DALE.

FRIAR TUCK.

LITTLE JOHN.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE BY ROBIN'

Oh, an outlaw's life was the life for me!
 With a hey, derry, down.
 With other folk's money I liked to make free;
 And I voted kings' ransoms for salarée —
 With a hey, derry, down-derry.

In Sherwood Forest, in days of yore,
 With a hey, derry, down.
 They robbed the rich, but gave to the poor
 A very poor plan, you'll agree, I'm sure.
 With a hey, derry, down-derry.

ROBIN HOOD.

WILL SCARLETT.

MAID MARIAN.

THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM.



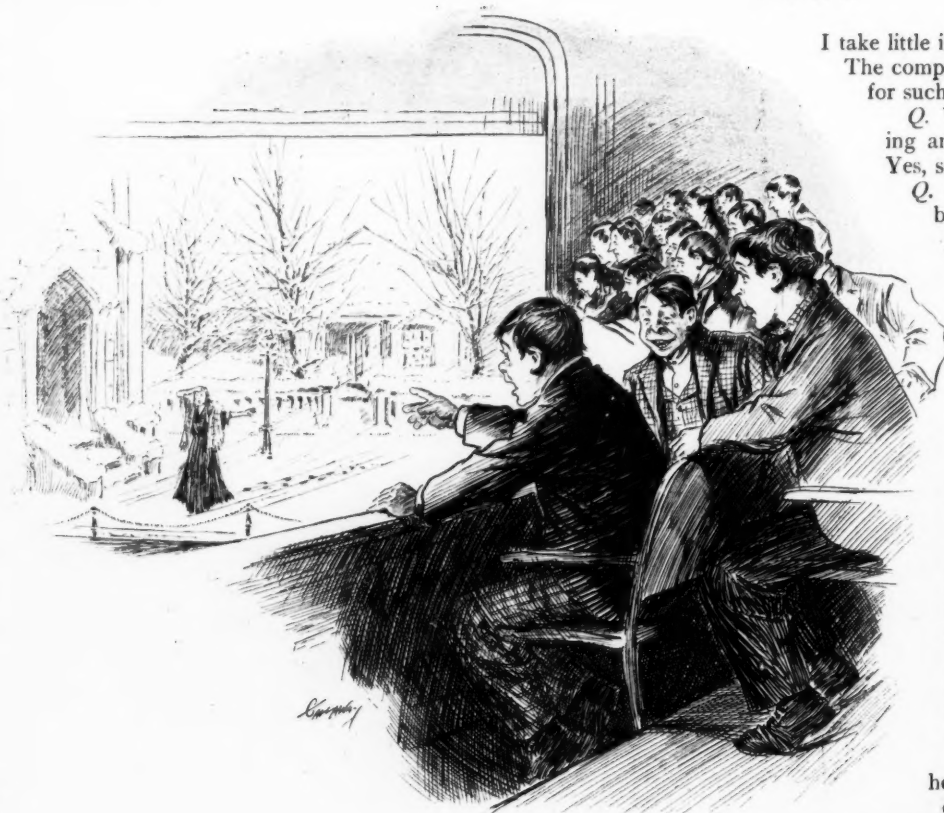
U.S. Puck

Y ROBBIN' HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

od Forest, in den of yore,
 hey, derry, down,
 ed the rich, but gave to the poor —
 or plan, you'll agree, I'm sure,
 hey, derry, down-derry.

We plundered the widows, and orphans, and sich,
 With a hey, derry, down.
 We turned out their peckets and took their last stitch.
 What we took from the poor we gave to the rich —
 With a hey, derry, down-derry.

PUCK



INTERPOLATION.

THE RAGGED HEROINE.—Merciful heavens! I am perishing from the cold!

VOICE FROM THE GALLERY.—Sweep up de snow storm an' make a bonfire!

GENIUS.

HE HAS a strangle hold on Fame
Who christens all the new cigars,
And great the man who has to name
The parlor and the sleeping cars;
And what a massive, fertile brain,
That doth conceive for later gilding,
A different title, glory-vain,
For every new apartment building!

Yet what are they? What is their strength?
Compared to mine what is their skill?
Although their words have breadth and length
I make 'em look like less than nil.
What? Who am I? I'll bet you five
Simoleons, plunks, scads or dollars,
That I'm the greatest man alive—
I name the newest linen collars.

F. P. A.

INVESTIGATING SANTA CLAUS.

"MR. CLAUS, will you take the stand?"
The witness did so, smiling pleasantly
Questioned by Mr. Hughes, he testified that his
name was Santa Claus; that he was president and
general manager of the Christmas Present Company,
which annually distributed many millions' worth of presents;
that he received no salary, nor a commission on sales;
neither was he remunerated for the labor of distribution.

MR. HUGHES.—What proportion of your yearly business
is concerned with children and what with adults?

MR. CLAUS.—In number by far the larger part is done
in children's presents; in value the adult business is the
greater. Frequently a present ordered for an adult will exceed
in value the total of a thousand children's presents. Personally

I take little interest in this part of my business.
The company was not originally organized
for such a traffic.

Q. You act merely as a purchasing
and distributing agent?—A.
Yes, sir.

Q. In addition to your regular
business you distribute, I understand, a large number of
presents for which you receive neither order nor
cash.—A. I receive
petitions, but no cash.

Q. Who pays for these
presents?—A. I do.

Mr. Hughes took up
the question of traveling
expenses. The witness cheer-
fully submitted his expense vouchers,
together with his personal time book and other accounts.
He denied having received free transportation from the
railroads, for himself or his goods. He had never, he
said, expended a penny in corrupting legislation. He had
never maintained a "House of Mirth" at Albany or else-
where, although he had brought mirth into myriad homes.
He had never, like Mr. Tarbell of the Equitable, given
himself a free Christmas present because his business was
distributing Christmas presents and he was "giving his
time to it." He had never squandered in Wall Street the
money given in trust to him by widows and orphans. And
he had never given Chauncey M. Depew a block of stock.

Q. Do I understand you to say, Mr. Claus, that you
receive neither salary nor rake-off? And that you pay annually,
out of your private purse, thousands for children's presents?—

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Mr. Claus, where did you get it?—A. That, sir, is a secret.

Q. Between whom?—A. Between me and the children.



SPORT.

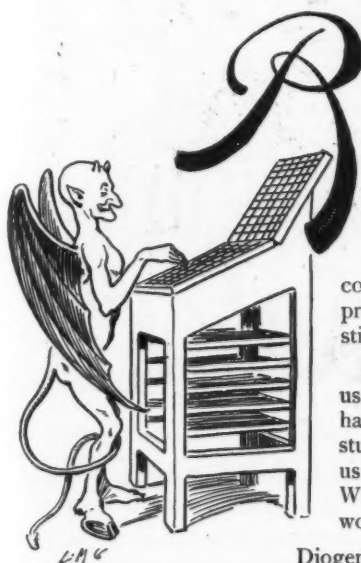
ENTERPRISING STONE CUTTER.—Speak a good word for me, will
you, gents? I've all kinds of sporty designs, with the college colors
set in mosaic.

**If a man works as hard as possible, and saves as rigidly as possible, he will
never come to a destitute old age, unless, of course, he has the constitution
of an ox.**



THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

NOTES FROM THE HADES HOTBLAST.



REPORT HAS it that an autobiography of Methuselah will soon be issued from the press. A dollar down, and a dollar a month for 9,999 years will procure this matchless and mammoth work.

We notice that our worthy exchange, *The Golden Lyre*, edited by St. Peter, is now issuing a comic colored Sunday supplement. We contend that this is neither right nor proper; the comic supplement is an institution belonging peculiarly to Hades.

Lack of space this week prevents us from printing a poetical contribution handed in by Lord Byron. Byron's stuff is A1, but of late it does seem to us that the influence of Ella Wheeler Wilcox is beginning to crop out in his work.

Diogenes has been appointed as night patrolman. The authorities think it is high time that he and that lantern of his were put to some practical use.

Bridge whist has arrived in Hades and is raging violently. The Hades Ladies' Bridge Society plays Monday and Friday mornings and a little bird spreads the report that Mesdames Pompadour and de Maintenon have won with such regularity as to temporarily embarrass some well known members of society. Rumor sayeth that Catherine de Medici and Charlotte Corday are two who have fallen

victims to the wiles of the game with disastrous results. Apropos of bridge, we now take occasion to deny the dastardly report that this game was originated by our esteemed Ruler, who assures us that the base canard is a rank injustice to him.

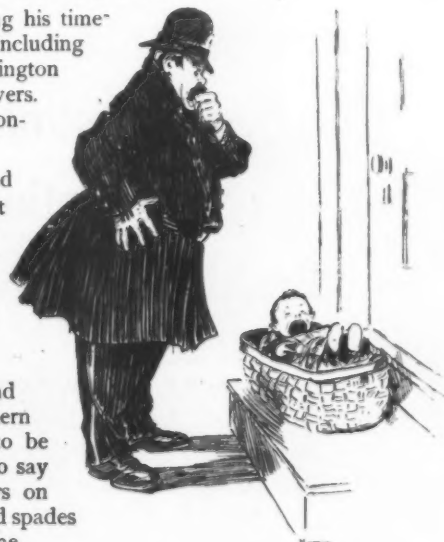
Cleopatra has brought suit against the Hades Traction & Terminal Co., Ltd., claiming that her asp was forcibly ejected from one of their cars. She alleges that the asp is a harmless pet and that there is no regulation forbidding the transportation of a reptile when accompanied by an adult. Cleo is a great old trouble-hunter.

Charon is thinking of replacing his time-worn ferry with a large steamboat, including all modern devices, such as Bennington boilers and New Jersey life-preservers. There is a crying need for all such conveniences as these in Hades.

The Amalgamated Brotherhood of Demons at their meeting to-night will, we are informed, inaugurate their campaign for an eight-hour day. They say all the unions on earth are getting it and want to know why in Hell they should n't. What!

It is reported that Boccaccio and Rabelais are collaborating on a modern society drama. The boys ought to be able to deliver the goods, but they do say that some of these latter-day writers on earth can give our old friends cards and spades and then beat them at their own game.

Arthur D. Pratt.



BASKET BAWL.



**50 YEARS'
TEST, STILL
THE BEST**

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

WILSON That's All!

PERILS OF THE DARK.

"Jane, we've got to move some of the chairs out of our bedroom. When I got up in the dark last night to look for a match I stubbed my toe on three of them."

"Now, George, don't be silly. You were only going around in a circle, and ran into the same chair three times.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*."

PROUD OF HIM.

"My grandfather was a butcher," declared Miss Sly, in the midst of a discussion on ancestry.

The other girls gasped.

"It's so, though," she declared. "He slaughtered lambs on Wall Street."
—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE Harvard observatory finds a new star every now and then, but the public is more interested in the kind that Herr Conried and Mr. Savage find.—*Somerville Journal*.

IT must make organized labor feel cheery and comfortable to be disguised as the cat's paw and sent to the White House on a special train.—*Detroit Free Press*.

STILL quail shooting has its drawbacks. The unfortunate hunter can never explain quite satisfactorily that the big ones got away just as he was pulling 'em into the boat.—*Indianapolis News*.



WHAT would become of the average American club if the buffet were removed—and what really makes the American buffet? The American drink—and that's a cocktail. CLUB is the only brand worthy of the American taste.

CLUB COCKTAILS are scientifically blended from choicest liquors, and aged to tickle the most critical palate.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

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Puck's New Christmas Card

Those of our readers who, in former years, have made their friends a CHRISTMAS PRESENT of a year's Subscription to PUCK, will be glad to learn that we have a New Presentation Card this year. It is designed by the well-known artist, Mr. F. A. Nankivell, and is a beautiful example of color-printing.

**The Best Christmas Present—
A Year's Subscription to Puck and
Puck's Christmas Card**

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT, but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to Puck to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.



This card, (size 7½ x 5¾ inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

**Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.**

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
Address, PUCK, NEW YORK.

"What makes Jimkins smell so of gasoline?"
 "He sprinkles it on his clothes so as to give the impression that he has been autoing." — *Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Do you think you can learn a lesson from this: A man lost a leg in a railroad accident, and when they picked him up the first word he said was—"Thank the Lord, it was the leg with the rheumatism in it!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

THIS is the season of the year when the baseball umpire can walk about among his fellow men without a sneaking feeling that somebody is all ready to soak him from behind.—*Somerville Journal*.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON says his two great regrets are that he has never married or been able to lift the America Cup. His first regret may yet be remedied, however hopeless the second may be.—*Washington Post*.

PERHAPS you have noticed that the thin girl never uses the phrase: "I have a bone to pick with you!" — *Somerville Journal*.

THERE seems to be a good deal of difference between the \$200,000 civil list of the new King of Norway and that of the Czar, which figures up about \$12,000,000, but then living may be cheaper in Norway; any way it isn't such hard work.—*Indianapolis News*.

An Iver Johnson Revolver assures double safety—not only in the ordinary sense of protection, but safety against accident. It is the only revolver with our patented safety lever, which makes it



of a loaded Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver without its going off. There is always a space between the revolver hammer and firing-pin which only our safety-lever can fill. That never happens until you actually pull the trigger.

No Fear of Accidental Discharge
but when you *do* pull the trigger, it never fails.

Our booklet, "Shots," and handsome catalogue will be sent free on request.

Hammer, \$5.00 **Hammerless, \$6.00**

For sale by all hardware and sporting goods dealers. Be sure our name is on the barrel and the *owl's head* on the grip.

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Every Dollar it Mints worth 100 Cents. It also guarantees our Whiskey which is Bottled in Bond in its Pure Natural State, under law of March 3rd, 1897, passed by Congress and signed by the President. Therefore every bottle of



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STRAIGHT Whiskey

is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's **"GREEN STAMP"**—proof of its age and purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded **Grand Prize and Gold Medal** at St. Louis World's Fair.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

FASHIONS are naturally regulated by trade conditions. Nearly all garments are worn longer in dull times than in prosperous ones.—*Chicago Daily News.*

HENRY WATTESON having declared President Roosevelt would not touch another nomination, timorous aspirants for the office should rest easier.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AND yet it must be remembered that those prize fights at Annapolis are mighty good gridiron training for young men who would not be weaklings.
—*Indianapolis News.*

SPANISH students are rioting now. Possibly football is a good thing after all for the purpose of working off the students' surplus energy.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE guides no doubt feel that deplorable as is the tendency for the hunters to shoot each other this year, still things might be worse.—*Indianapolis News*.



PEDIGREE.

"What makes young Potatobug so stuck up lately?"

"Why, he's just discovered that his ancestors came over in a sack of potatoes on the Mayflower."

The first thing in the morning, if you need a bracer should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

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PÈRES CHARTREUX**
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL), DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

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Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

THE Ancient Order of United Workmen begins to wish it was modern.—*Detroit Free Press.*



It has the zest of fresh'ning breezes.

"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Garrick Club
Rye Whiskey

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

MAYBE HE WON'T.

ALICE.—Cholly has just published a book of his poems.

MAUDE.—Why, I thought it was illegal to get money from people under false pretences.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE wind you waste in grumbling is so much strength stolen from improvement.—*Ram's Horn.*

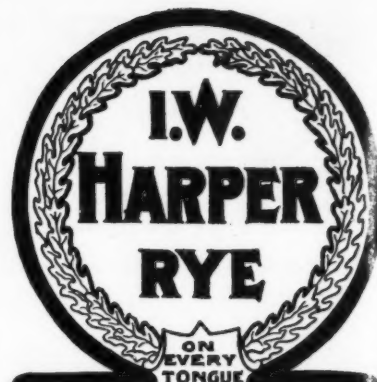
A BOSTON girl is said to have committed suicide by letting a cigarette-smoking youth kiss her.—*Chicago Daily News.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

THIS marked increase in the price of shoes looks like a direct blow at the President's anti-race suicide policy.—*Washington Star.*

ENTHUSIASM always starts off well, but soon springs a leak.—*Chicago Daily News.*



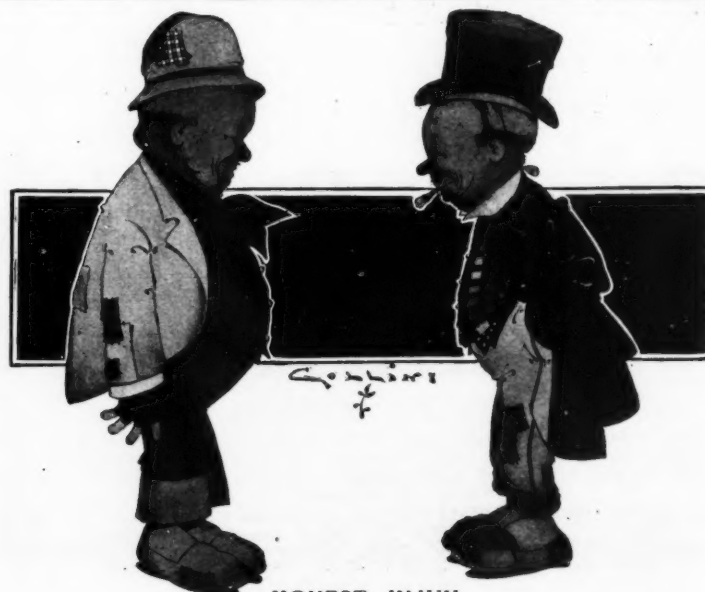
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and won universal popular approval. Oldest and most famous in the world. Best for all uses. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

GRAND PRIZE Highest Award
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BUT somehow every time Senator Platt is pronounced politically dead he does something to spoil all the pleasures of the wake.—*Indianapolis News.*

BATTLESHIP builders will also agree with the international committee that the world is not yet ready for universal arbitration.—*Detroit Free Press.*



HONEST INJUN.

FRAZZLED FOLSOM.—What did yer tell dat lady yer'd been arrested fer?

WEARY WILLIE.—Oh, twice fer overspeedin' me auto, once fer conspiring in restraint uv trade, an' once fer smuggling a diamond necklace troo de custom-house!

For busy men and women—Abbott's Angostura Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

CAN YOU DO IT?

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When for never a thing you lack,
But the man worth while
Is the man who will smile
When the furnace is out of whack!
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

If this thing keeps on there may not be enough of the Russian empire left to reconstruct.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It's now up to young men to propose—either marriage or oysters.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A Burlesque Historical Novel

**Monsieur d'en
Brochette**

by the Humorous Syndicate

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL

and **BERT LESTON TAYLOR**

29 full-page Illustrations by **FRANK A. NANKIVELL**

This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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Miller HIGH LIFE



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A MAN always sympathizes with a homely boy.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE man who cannot preach without a pulpit was never born to preach in one.—*Ram's Horn.*

JOHN L. SULLIVAN declares he will never take another drink. His average is good enough as it is.—*Washington Post.*

PRETTY servant girls are responsible for a lot of domestic trouble.—*Chicago Daily News.*

SOME men refuse to work because they are afraid they may acquire the habit.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE man who tells you that he is n't afraid of anything in the world has never associated much with women.—*Somerville Journal.*

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Send him several doz. bottles of good old

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The true Holiday beverage
To Promote the good cheer of Christmas.
Any Dealer Anywhere.—C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

CONFIDENCE.

Dey 's stahtin' up de trouble
In dat buildin' on de hill;
De talk we 's had was pretty bad,
It 's gettin' wusser still.
But I sees de sunshine smilin'
Jes' as usual, an' I know
Dat de flowers is bound to blossom
An' de corn is gwineter grow.

Dey sometimes gits me thinkin'
Dat dis world ain' gwineter last,
But de winter an' de summer
Come along, as in de past.
An' de fussin' an' de cussin'
We 'll forget, jus' as befo',
'Cause de flowers is bound to blossom
An' de corn is gwineter grow.
—*Washington Star.*

A LACK OF ACQUAINTANCE.

"Why do you insist on despising wealth?"
"Perhaps," said the man with the artistic temperament, "it 's because I never got well enough acquainted with it to know its good qualities."—*Washington Star.*

DREADFUL FUTURE.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—I can't bear the thought of evolution.
CARNATION.—Why?
CHRYSANTHEMUM.—I can't see that I could possibly develop into anything but a cabbage.—*Detroit Free Press.*

OBEYING ORDERS.

MISTRESS.—I told you that I did not want you to have so many male callers in the kitchen.
PRETTY DOMESTIC.—Yes 'm.
MISTRESS.—Last night you were entertaining three policemen.
DOMESTIC.—Yes 'm. I had them there so as to keep the others out.—*New York Weekly.*

NOT CORDIAL.

"Your new boss is n't very sociable, is he?" asked Crumley.
"Well," replied Digley, "he 's a great old hand-shaker."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, he has shaken nearly all the old hands who were in the shop when he took charge."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

OR, in other words, what the mine operators call "free coal" is the kind they charge us two prices for. What's-inaname?—*Indianapolis News.*

PHOTOGRAPHERS must think that people dress well, as a rule. They never see anybody who is n't in his best clothes.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Delightful Trip To Two Delightful Cities

Southern Pacific elegant passenger ships from New York and New Orleans to

New Orleans and Havana

Weekly service between both ports
From New York every Wednesday at noon, and
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Pears' Soap has never offered premiums to induce sales. It is, in itself, a prize for the complexion.

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The girl whose picture adorns the 1906 calendar issued by The Prudential Insurance Company of America will undoubtedly have many admirers. She will be known as "The Prudential Girl for 1906," and her attractive features and sweet expression will assure her a warm welcome in millions of homes, where the Prudential calendar is an expected guest each year.

All the months and days of the year are grouped on the left-hand and right-hand margins of the calendar, where they can be readily referred to. On the reverse side are two columns, mounted with the Company's well-known trade-mark—the Rock of Gibraltar—and a condensed statement of the various forms of policies issued by The Prudential. The Company announces that any person writing to the Home Office, at Newark, N. J., will be supplied with a copy

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